

5 + 1 sleeping

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5 + 1 sleeping

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Summary

Five times Craig and Octavio slept next to each other.

And the one time they didn't.

i.

The first time they slept together was an accident. He was tired from everything the council had thrown at him, and it was getting late, and Cuttlefish was so nice to lean against. He barely registered the inkling picking him up, and he didn't even feel himself getting laid down on the bed. The last thing he did remember though, was Craig mumbling something about him having to get some rest.

The next morning he was woken up at the crack of dawn.

"Psst.. Tavi! Come on, we need to get you into the castle before the council finds out!" That soft whisper was enough to get him to sit up immediately, scrambling to get off the covers and stand up.

"#\$%@\$#@! Sorry Craig, I should've-"

"No! No it's alright! No bother!" His smile was infectious, and he couldn't help but smile back.

He only noticed that he had slept in the same bed as Cuttlefish when he was finally back in his room.

ii.

The second time they slept together was a time of him being held, soft reassurances, and broken promises.

He was hit with a bombshell today. Sure, the water had been closer to the tree than ever before, but it would just move back, right? Nothing was going on... right? Apparently not. Apparently, the tides were rising. Just like they did when those humans disappeared. They had been heatedly discussing options of what to do when the territory would become smaller. How to deal with refugees. More people on less land. Making peace with the other beings threatened by this. War. War, war, it seemed to be the thing they gravitated to. He was scared, he was-

"Hey.."Cuttlefish grabbed his hands, preventing his nails from digging into his skin further.

"Are you okay? You've been nothing but quiet and looking off into the distance."

What was he supposed to say? His mind was swimming with everything, The stupid tides, the very real prospect of a dam war, and Craig...

"...Promise me something?" His voice was small, soft, unlike him, and he hated it.

"Sure. What is it."

"Promise that whatever happens won't separate us." He didn't dare look up, simply squeezing his lovers hands.

"Of course I promise! Why would I ever let us get seperated?!"

The war, he later found out. The war was very good in destroying everything he loved.

"The council found out about the tides rising again." He looked up, watching his partner's face morph in horror.

"Y-you mean we might just all drown?"

"Not sure, nobody knows how high it might rise. The bigger problem is about land. What to do with the people. What to do if we-" the words died in his throat, burying his head in the

others chest. A soft sigh.

"I promise I'm gonna be with you through the end." *lie*.

"I promise you won't lose me to whatever will happen" *lie*.

"And above all, I promise it will be okay, and we are going to be happy and wonder what we were worrying about." ...*lie*.

But right then, everything seemed real. Like the promises were never going to be broken.

Like he could breathe again.

...Or yawn and show his tiredness, he guessed.

The night was spent in bed, holding each other tight and murmuring promises that would ultimately be broken in the end.

iii.

The third time they finally slept together again, if it could be called that, since he was in a snowglobe after that slimy hipster beat his face up. He was trying to sleep, honest, but the space was cramped and no matter how much he tossed and turned, he couldn't get it right. Not to mention he didn't want to see a certain captain's face right now.

"Unable to sleep?"

"Shaddup," was the only thing he could bite back, too tired to go ham.

"Well, that means more time to talk for us!" Oh no. oh nonononono-

"What the shell do you want from me?" He could imagine the captain flinch, but had no desire to see for his own.

"Why did you steal The Big Zapfish?"

Because the inklings stole everything. Because he betrayed him and it was payback, Because he had to save them from death-

"No power sources. Had to get them from somewhere."

"And then you used the biggest for your dj machine?!" He wanted to shrivel up and die. Or drown. Drowning sounded nice. Especially when that bastard started laughing.

"You sure are one to go big or go home, huh?"

"SHUT UP! I'LL REMIX YOUR FACE! I-" When he turned around, the old inkling was asleep against the glass, snoring and drooling. How the heck did he fall asleep so fast?! they were having a conversation-

A soft chuckle escaped from his lips as he lays back down again and closes his eyes.

The next few times he escaped he always took Cuttlefish too, for good measure. He tried to ignore Callie's accusation of the Captain perhaps letting him go.

iv.

The fourth time was when the old inkling finally came back from that mission. Or whatever he went to do before he escaped and brainwashed the captain's granddaughter.

“Gramps! You’re back!” The person in question was excitedly bouncing at him, rambling on and on about how she missed him.

“Squiddo! How you’ve been! Busy, I’m guessing? Octavio hasn’t been acting up, has he?” The silence that followed was deafening, and he couldn’t help but groan. He didn’t want it to come up this quick.

“What did you do to my granddaughter.” Cuttlefish took a step forward, starting to point his bamboozler at him, with a face he hadn’t seen since the war.

“Gramps, wait-”

“What did you do to her you son of a squid, I will make sure you suffer-”

“I put some glasses on her, brainwashed her, and stole the zapfish again.” He did a little handwave, almost seeing steam come out of the others ears.

“I’m going to-”

“-What? Let me out so you can shoot me in the face? Break even more promises than you did? Please, Cuttlefish, enlighten me on how you are going to make my life more miserable than a rainmaker on my face.”

“Wha- Promise?- I’m gonna- Rainmaker?” Marie finally had time to bump in, quickly pulling the pipsqueak in view that had bested him. Again.

“I had to get a new agent! Meet 4! In the end she put a rainmaker on his face.” the atmosphere changed as fast as the waves as the captain pipes up, grabbing some octoling to bring her into view.

Agent 8.

A fan of the squid sisters and the newest addition to the surface.

After all those years he still could hit where it hurt.

“That 8... Are there... More like her?” he could feel the eyes staring into his head. Honestly, he’s not even sure why the captain was sitting next to him anymore.

“You mean like going to the surface? Yep! There’s Marina, this really sweet dj who presents the news, oh and a lot of them in the plaza!”

“So I’ve failed to keep them happy enough to stay.” It was... bitter. He tried, he really did. Tried to protect. Tried to at least make it bearable. He sighs and closes his eyes, trying to let sleep overtake him.

He swore he heard the captain whisper: “It’s not your fault we took everything from you...”

v.

He knows Cuttlefish lives in that little cabin. He knew had known that since he was in that stupid snowglobe. What he doesn’t expect is a shoddy mattress with a few blankets thrown on top of it.

“This can’t be good for your back.” Even the kiss to his cheek can’t wipe off the unimpressed look on his face.

“Aw, come on Tavi! Surely it’s good for something! Like recreating the first time you slept in the treehouse with me!”

“Craig, the first thing I’m doing is buying a new bed.” The captain simply chuckles, getting

his sleepwear out of a drawer.

“Fine, but you have to deal with this today, I’m afraid.” It was simply confirmed with a groan as the both got ready and got into the bed, accompanied with shuffling and silent grunts of discomfort.

“And? Better than the snowglobe?”

“Everything is better than the snowglobe.” A pause. “But it’s nice. Next to you again.”

Craig simply hums, curling up against his chest and closing his eyes. Arms wrap around him, foreheads are pressed together, and promises remended.

He doesn’t mind falling asleep like this from now on.

+i.

Nothing was the same again. Nothing would ever be the same again. Because of the war. Because that bastard of a Cuttlefish had been more satisfied to let them rot away underground. He had that made very clear when they met one last time, as he himself was screaming about everything. Before a deflated ‘Guess our love was only a tragedy.’ And he had walked away to the underground. Hoping to never see his face again. And now he was here. In the makeshift palace. Trying to capture the fleeting melody he left at the surface on the board. It wasn’t working. Maybe he should try something different. Make his own. The beat came quick enough, the melody a bit harder, but the notes were quickly found, put in different orders, all coming back to the same harmony, overtaking his senses and mind before he could barely blink. He let the anger and bitterness flow over him, sparking at his fingertips. He would make the captain pay. He would make sure they had the best army there was.

And he would do everything to protect them. And he would get revenge. It was the last thing he thought before sleep came and he closed his eyes, the last tones he played forming the tune that would brainwash the octolings for years, And perhaps they’d brainwashed their leader too.

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